"LITTLE GOOD NIGHTS"

ROLLO'S CONQUEST

GRACE VALENTINE

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Little Good Nights

LITTLE GOOD NIGHTS

By GRACE VALENTINE

ROLLO'S CONQUEST AND SMILING SALLY . . . . . 60 cents

WHAT THE FLOWERS KNEW AND BETTY'S POLICEMAN . 60 cents

FOR TIRED LITTLE BRAINS AND WEARY LITTLE BODIES, WHEN FAIRY STORIES ARE TOO EXCITING. "LITTLE GOOD NIGHTS" ARE PUBLISHED WITH THE HOPE OF CLOSING WAKEFUL EYES, AND OF GIVING SWEET, QUIET REST TO EVERY DEAR CHILD IN CHILDLAND

"She gave Rollo a sharp hit with the whip and made him go on."

Little Good Nights

ROLLO'S CONQUEST

SMILING SALLY

DETROIT, MICH., U. S. A.
THE LAGATREE PUBLISHING CO.

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This series of "Little Good Nights," I dedicate with my heart's love to a mother who, at close of day, forgot all the little naughty deeds, and knew that the burdens and trials of wee ones are sometimes almost too heavy for the brave little hearts to carry.

She realized that the good nights of childhood, sealed with a mother's kiss, are the sweetest memories we carry into the life of grown ups.

That mother is mine.

GRACE VALENTINE.

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ROLLO'S CONQUEST

Rollo's Conquest

TODDLES, every one called her, although her really truly name was Annabelle Ainslee Warrington. But the long, thin name didn't seem to belong to the round, laughing face, chubby arms, and legs. The many pretty dimples that smiled and laughed everywhere on Toddles didn't have any particular places

of their own to stay in; they came and played or danced away just as they pleased. And this is the reason that all her family and all her friends gave her the grand big name only on very naughty occasions, and the rest of the time they just loved her as Toddles.

She surely was a funny little Toddlekins, for, instead of playing with dolls, toys, and games, she spent all day long with her pony. Now

I must tell you about the pony friend. He was a present from her Father Dearie, and how she did love him! He was shiny and black, had a beautiful long, wavy mane, a heavy, bushy tail, and wonderful, gentle, brown eyes, and knew everything and understood everything one said to him.

Toddles used to tie up his mane with bright red bows, and sometimes would try to hold back his thick,

long bangs with ribbons or hair-pins; but he never liked that, and he would stamp his foot and shake his head until they fell out. His name was Rollo. Good, strong, honest Rollo. He never kicked any one, nor tried to bite; and the only time Toddles could ever remember of his not wanting to go just exactly the way she wished him to was one beautiful, warm summer's day, when they were riding

through the woods which were on her father's farm. She had been gathering a great bunch of wild flowers to take home to her Mother Dearie, and wanted to hurry and give them to her while they were fresh and sweet. A little crippled girl, who was standing on crutches by the roadside, put out her hand as if she would ask for a ride. She was a child a little older than Toddles, with lovely golden curls and

eyes that were just the color of the wild flower, Baby Blue Eyes, that grew in the woods.

She wore a plain, neat, little gown, so long that it covered the poor, deformed little feet, and when she lifted her beautiful face and held out her hand, she made such a lovely picture, standing among the bushes that were all in blossom, that Rollo tried to stop. But Toddles, who was warm, hungry, and tired, and anxious to take

the flowers to her Mother Dearie, wanted to go right home; so she gave him a sharp hit with the whip and made him go on. Rollo was not good-natured about it, and gave Toddles, who was trying to forget the pale, disappointed face they had passed, a very uncomfortable ride. When her Father Dearie came to lift Toddles out of the saddle he wondered why Rollo didn't rub his head against

his little daughter's hand for a good-by petting before going to the stables. As for Toddles, she had a little hurt in her throat because Rollo didn't look back at her and give his funny whinny, which always meant, "Come early in the morning for a ride, Toddles." She thought, "All right for you, Mister Rollo, I won't come to see you in the morning ; you can just stay by yourself, to-morrow, and be alone all day long."

The next day, when the morning sunlight poured into the room of Miss Annabelle Ainslee Warrington, she jumped out of her pretty brass bed, her troubles with Rollo all forgotten. She made the nurse hurry to dress her so that she could have her breakfast with Father Dearie and have a ride on Rollo before Father Dearie left for the office, so he could see how fast she was learning to ride like a

big lady. Because she had been somewhat cross with Rollo the day before, she started for the barn with two extra lumps of sugar in each hand for him. She ran as fast as her short, fat legs would let her, and began calling: "Rollo! Rollo!" but no answer came.

"I guess he isn't through his breakfast yet, and his mouth is so full of oats he can't answer," said Toddles as she went to the stables.

She passed by the carriage horses' stalls and went down to Rollo's little room that she had covered all over with pictures of ponies and little girls, so he would not be lonesome when she had to leave him.

"Rollo! Rollo! you were a naughty pony to me yesterday, and now I am going to punish you. What do you think I am going to give to you? Two big lumps of sugar. That shows you are

forgiven; and to let me know we are friends again, you will have to give me the very fastest and best ride we have ever had." No answer came, for there was no Rollo there. Toddles looked all around, but her pony could not be seen anywhere. Sometimes he was saddled and waiting outside with John, the coachman, but not this morning. The stable boy heard her calling for her pony with such a tearful voice that he

felt sorry for her. He told her she better play with her dolls until John brought her pony back; he would find her all right. Just as if she could play with dolls when Rollo was gone! She knew one thing very surely: she wouldn't mind that stable boy; she would look for Rollo herself.

She decided to go first to the woods, because that of all the rest was their favorite riding place. When

on Rollo's back, the narrow winding road was much too short. This morning it was all too long. The shade had all gone and it was very warm. The wild roses that used to lift their pink faces and give Toddles and Rollo such a happy "Good-morning," hid their faces now, and putting out their thorns, they scratched the legs where the little socks had rolled down over her shoe-tops.

Toddles was becoming

very much discouraged, and felt sure that her pony had gone in some other direction.

"I never knew how dearly I loved my Rollo until this morning—I wouldn't have run away from him, and I know he would not have left me unless some one made him go away. He is such a gentle, loving little friend. I can never go back home without him—I shall just sit down here under this tree and wait for him to come and find

me," said Toddles. For a long time she waited. It was very lonesome in the woods, and Toddles was beginning to wish she had done as the stable boy wanted her to do —stay at home and play with her dolls—when she heard something coming. Oh, how happy it would make her if it were only John, the coachman! She would be glad to see him, even if he hadn't found Rollo. He could at least talk to her and perhaps

take her with him to find her pony; she was getting so tired of being alone—and just a little frightened at the stillness. As the footsteps sounded nearer, she knew they were not John's. "Oh, it surely must be Rollo!" But no, it didn't sound like the clump-clump of his hoofs; it was more like the patter-patter of a dog's feet. Oh, yes, there he was—Nero, a great Dane dog that had been given to her Father

Dearie. He was almost as large as her pony, had big brown eyes, and gave such loud, noisy barks that nearly every one thought he was a very cross dog; but he really was kind, and Rollo loved him best next to her. Toddles was so disappointed she was going to let him pass her without calling, but before she knew what she was doing she had her arms around his neck and was sobbing, "Oh, Nero, don't

you know where my pony Rollo is?" Nero looked very wise, then he gave a very funny "Bow-wow," and wagging his tail, started down the road. Toddles sat perfectly still, thinking how much more ponies know than dogs.

When Nero came back again to Toddles he was so very much distressed to see her sitting quietly under the trees, and not trying to find Rollo, that he took hold of

her clothes with his teeth and tried to make her get up on her feet. Toddles got up and, putting her hand through his collar, trudged along as fast as she could. Nero wagged his tail so hopefully that the heart of Toddles was cheered; but the little feet were beginning to ache again, and she was wondering how she could tell Nero she must stop and rest, when he gave such a hurrah "Bow-wow"

"Putting her hand through Nero's collar, trudged along as fast as she could."

that it fairly made her jump, and there through the leaves she could see a pretty white cottage. In front of it were some children, and they were all standing around and patting her pony.

Rollo heard Nero's voice and came trotting toward them; but he surely had some one on his back, and it certainly was a little girl. Toddles was so surprised she forgot to give Rollo the scolding she had ready for

him; she just let him have the sugar she had kept in her pocket for him all this time. He rubbed his head so lovingly against her she couldn't keep her hand from going up under his mane to the little warm spot which all ponies have; this was always a sure sign they were real good friends. Toddles stood looking at the child, wondering where she had seen her before. Then she saw the crutch on Rollo's

"Rollo rubbed his warm nose against her hand."

saddle, and she knew she remembered it all. This was the poor, pretty lame girl Rollo had wanted to stop for that day in the woods when she had been selfish about her dinner. But Rollo, her pony, had not forgotten, and had broken out of the stable to give the little, lonely child a ride. Oh, would any one ever love her again? How sorry and ashamed she felt!

As they turned around

and walked slowly toward the white cottage that Toddles had seen through the trees, she wondered what she could do to make the little girl, whose name was Violets, forgive and love her as much as she did Rollo. Perhaps Violets cared for dolls. If she only did, how gladly she would give her some of the Christmas ones! There was a big wax doll with golden curls; it looked a little like Violets. It had

real baby clothes on, and a long white coat trimmed with fur, and a cunning white bonnet. I know, thought Toddles, Violets will love her; I would, if I didn't have my pony to care for. There are so many toys in my playroom, and if Violets can only go home with me, I would like to give them all to her. "Oh, Violets!" said Toddles, "let us go to the cottage and ask your mother to let you go home with me

for dinner. I have some things I want to show you."

On the way, Violets told Toddles how, when that morning her back had pained her, and she couldn't understand why she was not able to walk like other children, and she knew it would be a very long day because her mother had so much work she couldn't read to her, and they were so poor she couldn't have toys, or pets, not even a physician's care; and while

she was grieving, Rollo had come and stood quietly in front of her. And he wouldn't move away until the mother had come and lifted her on his back, and he had given her the loveliest ride and the only one she had ever had. Would Toddles please forgive her? But Toddles had nothing to forgive; she was so happy at a sudden thought that had come bounding to her mind while Violets had been talk-

ing. Her Father Dearie was a doctor. Perhaps he could help Violets if her mother would only let her go to see him. Violets' mother feared her little darling could not be helped, but she knew the ride would do her good, and consented to her going to see Toddles' father.

Toddles climbed up on the saddle back of Violets, and Rollo, proud of having two little girls on his back instead of one, curved his neck

and trotted along very carefully with his dear treasures. This time when the Father Dearie lifted the riders from the saddle and carried Violets into the house, Rollo rubbed his head on Toddles' shoulder and said in his pony talk "Thank you ever so much, Toddles; your pony is very proud of his mistress to-day." As he was led away to the stables, he gave her a joyful good-by whisk of his tail.

The Father Dearie examined Violets very carefully, and sent a message to her mother that if she would give up her daughter for several months he was sure he could help her. He did not believe her case to be a very serious one; it might be cured, but it would take quite a long time, and she would have to be very patient, and trust him and feel that he would care for her Violets as gently and as tenderly as he would

for his own dear, little Toddles.

So it was arranged, and Violets, like the brave good child she was, did everything the doctor and nurse told her to. Every day she grew stronger. The mother came often to see her, and on the seventh birthday of Toddles her Father Dearie told her he was going to give her a grand surprise. She had seven little girls and seven little boys for supper; baskets of candy

and lovely toys at each place, and a birthday cake with candles in the centre of the table.

They marched into the dining-room to music played by Mother Dearie, and took their chairs at places where their names were written on cards with violets painted on them. When they were seated, they found there was one chair too many. Some said it was a mistake, Mother Dearie had count-

"They marched in to music played by Mother Dearie."

ed wrong; but she had a smile on her face that meant, "Mother knows." The door opened, and in came Father Dearie carrying Violets in his arms. She looked as dainty and as fresh as a Fairy Queen. She wore a beautiful thin, white dress that was all trimmed with lace, and little bows of blue ribbon were peeping out everywhere. Even her curls seemed to be bubbling over with happiness and trying

to jump into her eyes and tell the secret they knew. She had on cunning little blue stockings and shoes, and around her neck was a beautiful gold chain with a locket, a present from her loving friend Toddles. Her eyes were opened wide with surprise and delight when she saw all the children in the room and all of the beautiful things on the table. The children all cried: "Here, Violets, this is your

chair!" Toddles was so happy she could hardly keep from hugging her, and she whispered to the boy who sat next to her: "My Father Dearie thinks some day she can walk." When they had eaten all of their supper and the ice cream, which was frozen in the form of little sail-boats, Father Dearie came in to play games, and Violets' mother, with such a happy smile, stood back of Violets' chair

as if she, too, knew something good was going to happen.

Father Dearie said: "Before we begin playing Blind Man's Buff, Hide the Handkerchief, or any other games, I must give my surprise to Toddles," but he looked right at Violets. She rose very slowly, with a frightened look, put one foot forward and then the other. The children fairly shouted: "Oh, Violets can walk!" And

then they held their breath to see where she would go. She hesitated, and looked at Father Dearie. "Violets," he said very gently, "you have never been able to walk during the ten years of your pure, sweet life; your first little journey into the world I would like to see you take with no hand to help or show you the way. Go where you like, my dear." Violets stood and looked all around; then

with a real well girl's laugh, passed through the door and out into the yard. The children, so astonished they could hardly talk, followed her, and where do you think they found her? In the stable with her arms around Rollo's neck!

"It was all you, Rollo," the children heard her say. "It was all you. I never would have been cured if you hadn't brought me here. I love them all, Rollo, for

being so kind to me, but it's just you that did it all."

Toddles crept up to Rollo a little wistfully. No one but herself had ever petted her pony quite so much before. But Rollo knew her step, and pulled his head away from Violets. Toddles felt a happy, warm feeling go all over her as Rollo rubbed his nose against her hand until it went up under the mane to the dear little spot no one ever knew

or ever petted but herself. She put the bangs back and looked into his eyes and she was sure there were tears there. Then she said: "Rollo, dear, I promise never to be a selfish girl again. I will never leave the little lame children to walk when you want to carry them on your back, and on the days when I can't ride I will send you to some poor child instead of keeping you shut up in your stable. I never un-

derstood before how it hurts ponies to have their mistresses so selfish." Rollo understood and acted so happy it made old Nero fairly dance with joy, and he ran out of the barn barking the good news to all the children. They were at their games, all but Violets; she was snuggled close in her mother's arms.

So happy were the Father and Mother Dearie on seeing them, that they thought of

their own little daughter who had saved Violets from a life of suffering and said: "God bless our darling Toddles!" But when the children had all gone home, and Toddles after such a happy day was tucked in her little bed, she closed her blue eyes and hiding her face in the soft downy pillow, whispered:

"God bless my pony Rollo!"

SMILING SALLY

Smiling Sally

Who Was Once Solemn Sally

DO you know what is the dearest, the loveliest, the warmest and most snugglely and cuddlely thing in the whole wide world?

. . . . .

Solemn Sally lived on a farm with her father and mother. She had two older brothers, John and Jack,

who loved and loved her, but sometimes teased and teased her.

The father was a kind, although a very busy man; he dearly loved all his children, but rarely had time to talk or play with them. He had to be up and away to the fields in the morning before they were awake, and at night he was too tired to enter into the spirit of childish games, and only longed for the quiet of night

when he could smoke his pipe and enjoy his evening paper in peace.

The mother knew that it was love for her and the children that made him work so hard every day, and she knew he needed the rest at night. But the children would have liked him to join in a good-night romp, and because he didn't they sometimes thought he was cross, and felt that he cared not so much for them as

for his horses, cows, and sheep, which they had seen him provide for so tenderly.

Sally's mother, busy all day with the many duties of farm life, could not spare any of her precious moments for the children's amusements. It was hurry—hurry to have the evening meal ready for the father when he came home after the day's work.

The mother's heart was always filled with loving thoughts of her husband

and children, but she couldn't talk about it. It was better to work and care for them than to spend the time in caressing them.

Sally, who longed for the touch of her father's or her mother's hand, never knew that when she and the brothers were sleeping soundly the father and mother stood by each bed with candle in hand and lovingly looked at their children, kissing them gently,

and over them whispering a little good-night prayer.

No one knew why Sally should be such a serious Sally. She had so many things to make her happy: dolls her brothers gave her, and when these didn't make her laugh, the father bought a shaggy little black puppy. This did delight her at first, then she acted as if they had quarrelled and she wouldn't play with him any more.

"Wouldn't play with him any more."

Poor little Sally didn't want to be different from other children, and she did want to please her father and mother. They were kind to her, but she just didn't know how to join in all the noisy games. One day when she stood watching her mother kneading bread, she longed to kiss the pretty white arm just above the place where the flour came, and just the thought of it made little

dimpled smiles come. She wished her mother knew how she loved her.

Then the tired, busy mother said: "Oh, Sally! why don't you go and play with your dolls, like other little girls, instead of watching your mother all the time?" But the dolls never seemed to understand; they smiled just as sweetly when little Sally's heart was breaking, breaking, as when she was laughing, laughing.

"Watched the birdies that came over from the woods."

Sally wandered out into the yard back of the house, and watched the birdies that came over from the woods to pick up the crumbs she threw to them. They would eat out of her hand, but when she was sure they loved her, and would try to take them and hold them close, close, to her little baby heart, they would fly away, leaving Sally hurt and wondering if they really and truly cared. One little red bird with bright eyes

and such a sweet voice said: "Come on! Come on!" and took such big pieces of bread in his mouth and flew away so happily that Sally knew he had some one in the woods he was taking care of.

"Oh, if I could only go with you, Birdie, I am sure we would have good times, and you would let me pet you when no one could see but the trees. But mother won't let me go into the woods."

The Birdie listened with a very mischievous look, then, instead of telling Sally to obey her mother, he tossed his head on one side, and, in a more pleading tone than ever, said: "Come on! Come on!"

Sally, all dimples and smiles, said: "Yes, I will come, Birdie; I know you will watch over me and not let me get lost, and I will be so good—good—good!" And Sally's little feet just

flew down the road toward the woods. Her little bird friend would fly to one tree, then to another, and wait for her. Then, with a cheery "Come on!" would fly to another one, and Sally kept trudging along until they reached the woods. This was the place she had always wanted to come to all alone, so she could listen to the falling of the leaves and hear the birds talk to each other. She found it all as

quiet and grand as she had seen it in her dreams; it was all so beautiful, the red sun peeping through the trees and the listening to the stillness. She sat down under one of the trees to watch her Birdie friend. He had disappeared in one of the thickest branches of the largest tree, and such a chirping and chattering greeted him that Sally knew it was baby birdies to whom he was carrying all the bread.

In a few moments he came out of the tree and began flying around her head and chirped and chirped. Then he flew away without saying "Come on, Come on!" Sally thought, "I had better stay right here. I am pretty tired, and I think he didn't want me, because he didn't invite me."

Sally watched the sun go out of sight, and listened to the prattle of the baby birds grow softer and softer as the

mother bird lulled them to sleep. It was so still, and yes, it was growing dark.

Oh, why didn't Mr. Red Bird come and take her home? She must go by herself. She hurried through the woods, but all the paths looked just the same; she couldn't find one that led to the road.

Tears, real tears, were coming to Sally's eyes now, as she ran one way and then another. "Why did I fol-

low that naughty bird? I know he has forgotten me. I wish I had obeyed mother. She always pats me on my head when she puts me to bed. She must love me or she wouldn't do that, and she stays in the room until I go to sleep. And once when I was ill Father kissed me. I wish I had never left them."

Sally stopped by one of the trees to rest a little when she heard the chirp she knew

so well. Mr. Red Bird was saying, "Come on, Come on!" She looked to see if he wanted her, but no; he was talking to a little, funny, brown, old-man looking bird who had a wise, friendly face, and he looked at Sally very thoughtfully without moving or speaking. Mr. Red Bird rippled, gurgled, jabbered, and chattered and flew about him, but his little brown friend stood quietly looking at Sally. He made her think

of her big brother John, who would reach over and take her hand when Jack, the younger brother, was teasing her and calling her Silly Sally or Solemn Sally.

"Well, Mr. Brown Bird, I like you very much. What is your name?" asked Sally.

"Bob White, Bob White!" Then as if afraid she didn't quite understand, he came a little nearer on one of the lower branches, and with very solemn eyes, repeated:

"Bob White, Bob White!"

Sally liked the new friend so much that she forgot all about wanting to go home, and sat down on the ground to watch him. He chattered and chattered with Mr. Red Bird until they had it all arranged for Bob White to stay with Sally and Mr. Red Bird was to go home to his wife and babies.

"I am getting tired. I am sure the Sandman is coming. Who will stay

with me if I do go to sleep?"

"Bob White, Bob White!" His voice was so clear and strong and true that Sally knew he would not leave her alone. Curling down in the leaves and trying to put her head under her arms as the birdies put their heads under their wings when they go to sleep, she closed her eyes, playing she was a robin bird. She was not afraid, for every time she moved her brave

"Sally awakened only once and felt a warm face against her own."

little soldier bird would say, "Bob White, Bob White!"

Sally awakened only once. She felt a little bit cold, and reaching for a blanket, her hand felt something lovely and soft and warm. She snuggled up closer and it liked to be held, for it put its little face nearer to Sally's, and together they went to sleep again while the soldier on guard in the tree dozily murmured:

"Bob White, Bob White!"

. . . . .

Twilight shadows were gently falling, telling the father and mother it was time for little "good nights" to be said. They called to Sally. There was no answer, so the father walked to the barn to see if she were watching the horses, but Sally was not there. A little worried, he called to the mother to see if she knew where Sally was. With a voice choking with fear,

she said she did not know. They hurried to the neighbors, but no one had seen Sally. "She never runs away," the mother said, "she is such a good little girl. Oh, I am afraid something terrible has happened to her!" And her eyes were full of tears. The boys returning from the fields met the father and mother searching for Sally. Seeing their mother's tears, they said: "Don't cry, little mother; we will find

Sally for you. We saw her watching the birds, and she was on the road that leads to the woods. Let us go there; we will surely find her." When they reached the woods they all began calling:

"Sally, Sally! where are you?" But the stillness was all they could hear.

Just as they were leaving the woods, discouraged at not finding her, the mother saw something white under

a tree, and rushing up to it found—what do you think she found? Sally, fast asleep, with a little, snowy, baby lamb in her arms!

They were so surprised they stood quietly looking at her. The lamb raised his head with a little "Baa-a!"

Very gently the older brother took it up in his arms, but the little lamb, frightened at hearing so many strange voices, began to cry "Baa! baa!" piti-

fully. This awakened Sally. She jumped up and sprang into her mother's arms. Then she looked to see who was crying, and, when she saw her brother holding the struggling lamb, said: "Oh, Jack! don't you see he wants me? He is all mine! I know now what kept me so warm!" and she held out her arms for the woolly lambkin. It lay quietly on her shoulder with its head against her neck, giv-

ing a contented little "Baa! baa!"

Sally, with a face as happy and full of laughter as any little girl's in the world, exclaimed: "Don't you see I must always keep this little lamb. He has lost his mother, and I must take her place. He loves just me, and won't leave me and follow the boys when I need to pet him, the way that puppy did." And her little arms hugged her lambling

closer and closer to her poor starved little heart.

"Yes, Sally, little Solemn Sally, you may always keep your lamb," said the mother, "and have it all for your own to feed and take care of. But tell me, dear, weren't you afraid to go to sleep all alone?"

"Oh, no, mother! Just look up in the tree and see my soldier bird. He watched over me until you came. He knew you wouldn't let me be lost long."

"Now a smiling—smiling Sally."

The mother looked up just in time to see a little brown bird starting to fly away. Sally waved her hand and the birdie gave a joyous good-bye of:

"Bob White, Bob White!"

The brothers, watching their sister's face all dimples and happiness, whispered to the father: "We have lost our Solemn Sally, but we have found a beautiful, smiling—smiling Sally."

. . . . .

And now, my little dears, do you know what is the dearest, the loveliest, the warmest, and most snuggely and cuddlely thing in the whole wide world?

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